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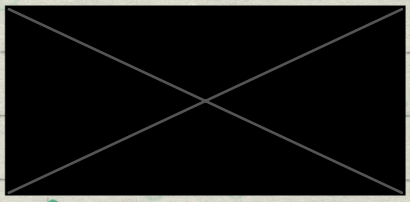

New Zealand.

27/1/83

Dear Mr Monroe,

I bought your book to inform me while I had time to read it in hospital where I am at this time. I started it late afternoon yesterday and having become avidly engrossed, completed it this morning — I did sleep overnight, but am a fast reader.

Firstly I want to say thank you. Although astral travel and psychic energy is becoming more widely heard of and discussed these days, one still feels an oddity when one admits to acceptance of all these things.

I've had a spontaneous out-of-the-body experience where I was actually called out to do a particular thing for my grandmother who had recently died. She never actually 'spoke' to me herself but I perceived her as a dark shadow standing behind

what was requested.

Unfortunately I didn't. I've felt sorry about it ever since. In the physical I lacked the maturity and confidence even though a day later I was contacted again with urgency while in the waking state.

Now, with your help from your book, I'll be able to work on the pre-emergent state of the second body which infequently has occured and frightened me in the past.

This is usually when I'm extremely tired and almost at once on closing my eyes the sensation and paralysis occur. There is a roaring in my ear sometimes accompanied by voices - these have seemed to be malignant - cursing, yelling and laughing when I struggle to move or open my eyes. Once it seemed a Jew's Harp was being played very clearly at my bedside. P.S. Also I recall now these strange rings of energy coming down - over my body accompanied by a loud ringing sound - cloudy white as I remember them - like smoke rings.

The only way I have been able to come out of the paralysis - which to any observer must look like a very peaceful sleep - is to completely relax and

are, I expect, if still of this physical world, far more advanced since '71.

The other strange thing which occured is when I was eleven or so I was taught by a close girlfriend how to actually fly in the physical, waking form. Joan is still a very close friend and also lives in New Zealand now. She was born in the States.

She and I never told anyone else about it then and didn't fly when anyone was about, to see. Our own memories are hazy now – or mine are clear in areas were her's are not. Neither of us has the confidence to try it now.

I wonder if you think I must be crazy? I often think Joan is not exactly of this Earth anyway. She responds peculiarly to medications and right at the start of our friendship I tuned into her mind so clearly that I knew to the last syllable exactly what she would say next.

I've often felt very alone in this world – as you describe but I've learnt now to not be afraid

and to live the 'normal' life while holding all these experiences now as part of it – not apart from it.

My husband worries that my mystic interests and awareness may dominate me and turn me 'peculiar' and away from him so I am careful to afford him as normal an everyday life as he finds comfortable and that I can manage – I confess with some difficulty at times.

Our three lively children also keep my days very busy on a routine level and I share the running of two businesses with my husband. These businesses do bring us overseas at least once a year when we visit America.

I am most interested to know what answers you have found and whether you have made connection with any awareness group which is able to assert control by group effort. I do feel so alone at times and want to 'go home' so much that life here is quite a battle to go on with – although I do not contemplate suicide. Can you help me feel less lonely?

Perhaps we are all lonely and reaching out always by very nature of our being human. It may well be that on this particular world we are unable to make that complete connection with others that some of us desire.

I do think we all sense this loneliness in ourselves but some to a very minor degree - particularly if they have had no experience in the way of extra sensory perception. It's the awareness of what could be that makes those of us who have had these experiences feel so much more lonely and alienated in this world.

It would be a much more honest world if we were all able to tune in comfortably with each other. I'm most interested in your speaking with others in the second body when they were 'awake' and themselves carrying on a conversation with someone else on the physical. I often have the awareness that I am doing this myself - but with the person I am talking to in the waking state. When I do this, it is as if I am making contact

with the real 'essence' of that person. Only rarely though, do I feel they have a similar realisation of me. My true friends are these people.

I feel sure that this is the 'love' that Jesus is meant to have refered to in the idea of dealing with others. It is love in the meaning of knowing – as in that song "to know him is to love him." I endeavour always to apply this when I talk with other.

By the way, I am Jewish by conversion as my husband is Jewish. In actual fact I am of no particular religion but of all of them.

To sum up, I believe it is important to stay 'vulnerable'. When we put up formal barriers, we also destroy the possibility of making that real interlink which extends beyond words.

Please reply or perhaps someone of your Institute could offer some guidance – or there may be some help I can give.

Kind regards,

[redacted]

P.S. I've been rethinking about the flying I did with Joan and increasingly I believe we managed to enter another dimension. We remarked at the time how noisy the crickets were - well, when I think of it, that's a remarkably similar sound to the aural hiss that precedes the out-of-body stage.

Moreover there was absolutely no other sound and the houses along the road were peculiarly desolate. Also it was very still - still as glass is.

Afterwards there was something mixed up about the time of day too. We seemed to have been there all afternoon but when we came home found that in fact it was early afternoon. I wanted to go back and fly some more but Joan thought she really ought to go home. Before she left me she made me make the reluctant promise that I would not go back and fly without her.

I didn't keep that promise. I hurried back afterwards and after great effort succeeded on my own. She was most annoyed with me when I told her the next day.